

Nothin' But a Good Time by fullofwander

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Summary:

What had he been thinking? Letting Billy lead him off into the night?
Letting the other boy touch him, mark him?

Nothin' But a Good Time

Steve adjusted the scarf around his neck, grateful that the seasonably cold weather meant he wouldn't look too out of place with it on. Of course, the real reason it was double-wrapped under his chin was to hide the large purple suck mark on the underside of his jaw.

Jesus, what had he been thinking? Letting Billy lead him off into the night? Letting the other boy touch him, mark him?

And how the fuck was he going to keep that mark hidden for the entire day?

In a desperate move he had swiped some concealer from his mom's stuff, but truthfully he didn't really know what to do with it. So, here he was, with the scarf.

A figure slid in next to him, hand raising to brace against the locker next to Steve's open one.

"Nice scarf, Harrington," Billy said through a wicked grin. His eyes tracked across Steve's neck, and Steve wondered if he was already accidentally showing the mark. "Feeling a little cold this morning?"

"Fuck off, Hargrove," Steve snapped, pulling a textbook out of the locker.

Billy leaned in closer. "That's not what you said last night," he barely whispered, voice going deep and soft.

Steve slammed the locker closed and spun toward him, eyes wide with incredulity. "Do you seriously want to do this right now?!"

Billy just gave him that slow predatory smile, earring swaying as he leaned into Steve's personal space. "Do what? Start an argument with you? Come on Harrington, play the game."

Steve watched as the other boy's hand reached up as if in slow motion. A finger hooked in the top loop of the scarf underneath Steve's chin and tugged, exposing his neck to the cool hallway.

“Well, well, well,” Billy’s eyes flicked down to the mark then back up to lock with Steve’s. “I wonder who gave you that.”

Steve found himself panting at the contact, blood roaring in his ears, skin tingling with the hope of feeling that hand against his skin again. The look in Billy’s eyes darkened at the movement, the grin barely slipping.

Abruptly, the sound of the hallway cut back in with a ring of the warning bell. Steve knocked the hand at his neck away and turned to flee. Billy’s deep laughter echoed off the tile and metal as Steve jogged away from him down the hallway. *Asshole.*

“Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!” He chanted to himself with each step.

Steve vaguely worried that something was wrong with him. He couldn’t get Billy’s mouth out of his head, and the interaction that morning didn’t help. He could feel the other boy’s phantom lips on his skin, branding hot. The bruise pulsed on his neck in time with his heartbeat.

Billy, the asshole, didn’t even have the decency to be discreet about the whole weird thing, his sharp eyes and sharper grin following Steve whenever they were in sight of each other. It made something sticky and warm churn in him, arousal pulsing at the worst possible moments.

Like now, during lunch in the cafeteria.

He could feel Billy’s gaze on the side of his face like a laser, heating it up.

What is this dickhead’s problem? I’m not going to look. I’m not. FUCK.

Steve turned his head, eyes instantly finding the other boy’s. Billy licked his lips. Slowly and obscenely, of course. Steve rolled his eyes, even as parts of him throbbed in interest. *Dick.*

Billy just smirked in that annoying, hot, annoyingly hot way of his and tilted his head toward the door. Then he got up, palmed his cigarettes, and left the cafeteria without a backwards glance.

I'm not going to follow him. I'm fucking NOT.

Steve got up.

The hallway outside the cafeteria was already empty. For a moment Steve thought he must have misread the invitation, but that gaze was too loaded, too potent to mean anything else. The fire in it, in the other boy's hands and lips and tongue burned Steve and left him craving more. No, he's already this committed, might as well keep going now.

He walked down the hallway, head down, hand reaching up to press trembling fingers against the mark on his neck. Rounding a corner, a hand shot out from a utility closet and quickly dragged him inside.

“Fuck!” Steve whisper-shouted, just barely remembering to keep it quiet.

Billy pulled the door closed and pressed Steve up against it, attacking the scarf still wrapped around his neck.

“Get this fucking thing off,” he growled, throwing it to the ground.

“Hey! Don't --” Steve broke off on a moan, Billy's mouth finally against his neck again. *Jesus*. The back of his head hit the wall, his hands tracking up Billy's arms, over the other boy's well-muscled shoulders.

Billy's teeth teased the sensitive skin, nipping over the already purple bruise and trailing down toward Steve's clavicle. Billy groaned against his throat, and Steve came to the realization that the other boy got as much pleasure out of marking Steve as Steve got out of being marked.

The obvious interest in both their pants had been easy enough to ignore the night before. But today, pressed chest to chest, hips to hips, Steve found his curiosity and arousal piqued.

“Wait. Billy, wait!” he said, sliding his hand up into the other's curls and pulling. “Aren't we going to talk about whatever the fuck is happening right now? And maybe about last night?”

Billy tilted his head back into the hands in his hair, looking at Steve through half-closed eyes. He smoothed his hands over the other boy's ass as a grin slowly stretched across his face.

“Sweetheart, we're not gonna be doing any talking in here,” he said, and *lifted*.

Apparently I'm just the kind of guy who's a sucker for being manhandled, Steve blandly thought to himself as he practically octopus-ed himself around Billy. His back was against the wall, weight supported by Billy's hands. Jesus, he was strong. Where Steve himself was lean and lithe, Billy was wrapped in hard muscle. And man were those muscles delicious, bunching under Billy's ever-open shirt.

Steve trailed his eyes over the other boy's hard chest, across his shoulders, his mouth, up to his blue eyes. The smirk was gone but the intensity in his stare remained, sending shivers down Steve's spine. The heat emanated off of Billy as it had the night before. They stared into each other's eyes, and Steve's world narrowed to this moment, in this space.

His hands in Billy's hair tightened, and Steve slowly leaned forward, hunching slightly over the other boy. Some small part of himself in the back of his own mind was howling, screaming, *what do you think you're doing?! You're not just being taken along for the ride if you're the one initiating!*

Steve stopped a breath away and gasped against Billy's mouth, legs tightening around his waist.

Then he kissed Billy Hargrove.

While Billy was content, pleased even, if the groan was anything to go by, to let Steve initiate the kiss, he quickly took it over.

Steve's tongue teased his bottom lip, brushing against it and gently sucking. Billy opened his mouth wide and drew Steve's tongue in. The kiss started slow and syrupy, and Steve idly thought he could get used to these kinds of sticky sweet kisses.

However, it didn't take long for the kiss to take on a harder edge. Teeth scraped across Steve's lips, taking biting nips at the corners of his mouth. Billy's tongue pushed and his lips pulled, drawing Steve's nerves and muscles tighter and tighter.

Steve's hips began a rocking motion, rubbing his aching cock into the hips and stomach against him. The answering groan and hip thrust had him jerking closer, desperate to feel more pressure, more pleasure.

Billy's mouth devoured Steve's. They both moaned, sharing breath and teeth and tongue. How was it possible for Billy to kiss so deeply? To make Steve feel so much? He wanted to pull Billy in as close as possible, breath him in, suck him in. The kiss felt like danger and dark promises. Bruising, teasing, powerful, thrilling.

Steve could feel Billy panting against his mouth as they rocked together, the kiss devolving. He couldn't breathe, could barely take in gulp after gulp. He felt like he was suffocating.

The heat in his stomach and in his cock coiled tighter and tighter, his legs beginning to tremble.

“Billy! Billy, I'm gonna --” he panted against the other boy's mouth, fingers tightening painfully where they were still tangled in blonde curls.

“Come on, baby,” Billy whispered, breathing just as harsh. “You're

gonna cum for me without me even touching your cock. I want you to," he continued, his hands on Steve's ass helping to grind them together.

"Come on, pretty boy," Billy's mouth trailed down to Steve's neck again. "Cum," and he bit.

Later, after Steve had escaped to his car, scarf once again tied around his neck to hide the now multiple marks, he wondered how the hell this had become his life.

Nevermind the bullshit weeks ago with the demodogs, the upside down, Billy not being privy to the information pertaining to either (though his step-sister was).

But Billy *had* beat the shit out of him, and now they were on some sort of sexual exploration? What the fuck is wrong with Billy? Fuck, what the fuck is wrong with Steve himself?

Sitting there in the cold, cum sticky in his pants and flush still high on his face, Steve made a promise to himself that he wasn't going to let Billy touch him again until he got some answers about exactly what they were doing.

Fuck.

Author's Note:

So, apparently I write fanfic now. Thanks to everyone who commented on my last fic! (I renamed the first fic to better fit the 80's music theme; sorry if that confuses anyone!) I'm on tumblr @fullofwander. I could definitely use some prompts for the next part! Or, you know, general headcannons to work off of. Thanks!